

WANTED—A DADDY

A

Mother Goose Play for Christmas Time



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Elizabeth F. Greenfield



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WANTED-- A DADDY

A

Mother Goose Play for Christmas Time

by

Elizabeth F. Guptill

CHARACTERS.

MOTHER GOOSE.

BO PEEP.

MISS MUFFETT.

JILL.

BABY BUNTING.

LUNA.

JACK (JILL'S TWIN).

JACK HORNER.

BOY BLUE.

SIMPLE SIMON.

WILLIE WINKIE.

SANTA CLAUS.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL
ISLANDS.

GIANT.

DWARF.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

SEVENTEEN CHARACTERS—11 MALE—6 FEMALE.

COSTUMES.

Dress Mother Goose and her children according to the usual pictures of those characters.

The Giant is a boy on stilts, his trousers coming to the bottom of the stilts.

The Dwarf is a very small boy, dressed like a man. He wears a large mask.

Puss in Boots has a hat with a curling feather, high boots, gloves, and a fanciful suit. He wears a cat mask.

The King of the Cannibal Islands wears a black mask, or is blacked with burnt cork. He carries a club, and is dressed in a bright blanket, and a feather head dress.

The Man in the Moon and Luna, his wife, have fat faces, and their clothing is stuffed to make them appear very round and fat. He wears a skull cap.

She wears a frilled cap, tied under her chin, in a big bow. She wears an apron and carries a broom.

Santa Claus needs no description.

Wanted—A Daddy

SCENE I.

(Scene—the living-room in Mother Goose's home. A table, some chairs, and a well-worn couch are the chief requisites. The children are sitting or standing about the room, several grouped about the table, where Jill is writing, Jack hanging over her shoulder.)

JACK:

Well, that ought to fetch one. It's right to the point.
She's a crackerjack, Jill is, at "ads."
Say, Jill, hire out to a newspaper man
To do advertising for Dads.

JILL:

Most children *have* Daddies.

BABY BUNTING:

Where's our Daddy gone?
Was there ever one, truly, for me?

MISS MUFFETT:

Why, of course! I remember Pa Goose very well.

JACK HORNER:

So do I, just as well as can be.

WILLIE WINKIE:

But where has Daddy gone? And why don't he come
back
I don't 'member Daddy at all.

BO PEEP:

Why, 'tis three or four years since our own Daddy died
From a sudden and terrible fall.

BABY BUNTING:

What made him fall down?

BO PEEP:

I don't know, Baby, quite.
He was flying along through the air
On his way to the seaside with dear Mother Goose,
Looking down at a man walking there,
Who had such a queer stick, that he pointed, just so,
And something went "Bang!" Mother said,
And the gander he rode upon fluttered and fell,
Till it lay on the meadow, quite dead,

JACK HORNER:

And Pa fell, too, of course, though the man couldn't see.

SIMPLE SIMON:

Did it hurt Pa?

JILL:

Of course, little Goose.
What does make you ask silly questions so, Si?
It's not any manner of use.

SIMPLE SIMON:

Wal, I wanted to know ef it hurt him?

JACK:

Oh, no!
It just killed him, Simon, that's all.

SIMPLE SIMON:

Wal, now, who'd a thought it?

JILL:

Most any one would, who had any brains, Si, at all.

SIMPLE SIMON:

Wal, I hain't got a many, Ma said so, to-day.
When I went out to fish for a whale.

BABY BUNTING:

Did you catch any, Si?

SIMPLE SIMON:

No, I didn't. You see, there was no water left in the
pail.

JILL:

Well, of all the old stupid!

BO PEEP:

Don't bother with him,
But read it out loud now—your "ad."
Do you really suppose it will work?

BOY BLUE:

Sure it will.
I bet it will fetch a new Dad.

JILL (reads):

Wanted: A Daddy who's merry and kind,
For the children of Old Mother Goose.
Only the right one will please to apply.
If you're snappy and cross, 'tis no use.
He must know how to laugh, and to tell stories, too,
And must never, no never, have Blues.
If you want a nice family, please to apply
At the cottage of Old Mother Goose.

MISS MUFFETT:

But will Mother like it?

JACK:

Why, Mother won't know
Until the first suitor walks in.
And then,—she can take him or not, at her will,
When the right one comes, we'll all join in.

MISS MUFFETT:

But where will you put it?

JACK:

Oh, Jill and I know.

JILL:

At the Crossroads, upon the big tree,
For everyone has to pass by there, you know,
And so they the notice will see.

MISS MUFFETT:

Suppose Mother sees it?

JACK HORNER:

She'd yank it down, quick.

BO PEEP:

But she mustn't. We want a new Dad.

BABY BUNTING:

Don't she want him, too?

JILL:

I don't know, Baby dear.

WILLIE WINKIE:

I want a big Daddy, real bad.

BOY BLUE:

Let's all go and put it up there on the tree,
And see what will happen.

JILL:

Yes, do!

SIMPLE SIMON:

I'm coming, I be. Here, don't hurry so fast.
I'll walk, Baby Bunting, with you.

(They scurry round, finding a hammer and tacks, then
rush out, followed by Simon and Baby Bunting.
Mother Goose enters, and puts things to rights, as
she talks.)

MOTHER GOOSE:

Now what in the world made them scurry out so?
There is mischief, I'm sure, in the air.

Wherever it's brewing, I'm always quite sure,
My children will all be right there.

They're brimful of fun as an egg is of meat,
And brimful of laughter as well.

And what they are up to, except at their meals,
Is more than I ever can tell.

How they've littered this table! The cloth is awry,
And there's playthings all over the floor!

They've been wasting my paper I use for my rhymes,
And I haven't a single speck more!

Well, they'll soon all be back, and be hungry, of course,
I must go and attend to my bread.

Such lots of good things I must bake every day,
That my family all may be fed!

(Passes out.)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

(The outside of Mother Goose's house. This should be a curtain, or scene, with a door in it that will open and shut. If it can be painted to represent a book, all the better. "Mother Goose: Her House" is in large letters, on, or over, the door. Two or three steps, or an old-fashioned door rock, would be nice. The rest of the platform is the yard, and may have a fence and a gate, or a small tree or two at the side. There should be a seat, large enough for two, in the yard, and a chair or two. The Man in the Moon enters, advances, and knocks at the door, which Mother Goose opens. The children run in and out of the house during this scene, and sit or lie around the yard.)

MOTHER GOOSE:

Why, how do you do, sir. Pray won't you walk in?
Or no—take a seat right out here.
I don't seem to know just who 'tis you might be.
I need some new glasses, 'tis clear.

MOON MAN:

I'm the Man in the Moon.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Now, do tell! Is that so?

MOON MAN:

But I'm out of it now, as you see.
I came down to earth on the shining rainbow.

SIMPLE SIMON:

We seed you a comin'. Tee, hee!

MOON MAN:

Well, what of it, my boy? Don't grin so, in my face.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Don't mind him; he's just Simple Si,
And his brains haven't grown much.

SIMPLE SIMON:

My appetite has. Say, Mister, you got any pie?

MOON MAN:

Of course not. You don't think I carry pie round
In my pocket?

SIMPLE SIMON:

I think 'twould be nice.
Wal, has you got a penny?

MOON MAN (crossly):

No.

SIMPLE SIMON :

If I had one, the pieman would give me a slice.

MOON MAN :

Run away, little boy. Run away now, and play.

I can't stop to bother with you.

I've business important to talk of.

SIMPLE SIMON :

Say, Ma, I'm hungry. I want pie, I do.

MOON MAN :

Do give him some, Marm, and then send him away.

MOTHER GOOSE :

Well, Simon, go fetch me a pie.

JACK HORNER :

Oh, Ma, I'm hungry.

BOY BLUE :

And I am.

JACK AND JILL :

And us.

BABY BUNTING :

We'se all of us hungry for pie.

Does you like pie, too, Mans?

MOON MAN :

Why, yes, little dear.

BABY BUNTING :

Well, Mammy will give you some pie.

(Simon brings pie. Children cluster round. Mother

Goose cuts pie, and gives a piece to each.)

MOON MAN (tasting) :

It's the very best pie, I assure you, my dear.

MOTHER GOOSE :

Sir!

MOON MAN :

Dear madam, I was going to say.

Now if only I had a sweet wife, just like you,

I would have pie like that, every day.

Now you're pretty and graceful, and such a good cook,

And can clean lamps, I'm sure, nice and bright.

And a home in the Moon is quite high-toned, you know.

MOTHER GOOSE :

Why, yes, I can clean lamps all right.

But a home in the Moon wouldn't suit me, at all,

No more than the earth would suit you.

Run fetch me my knitting, Jack, that's a good boy.
I can't sit with nothing to do.

MOON MAN:

I like to see women industrious e'er, and—

SIMPLE SIMON:

Be you?

MOON MAN:

Why, no. I like my ease.
I like a good pipe and I like a good nap.
And a stomach brimful of green cheese.

MOTHER GOOSE:

But what work do you do?

MOON MAN:

Why, I clean the Moon lamps; but I'd give that work
over to you.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Many thanks, I am sure, but I think I'll decline.
I have work enough now, I must do.

MOON MAN:

It is pleasant, quite pleasant, up there in the Moon;
And when you wished to visit the earth,
You could slide down, like me, on the rainbow so gay.
(Children laugh loudly.)
Why, children! What unseemly mirth!

JILL:

Slide down like you did!

JACK:

I see Ma trying that!

BOY BLUE:

Why, you landed right square on your head.
And turned a back-somersault!

SIMPLE SIMON:

Warn't it a plunge? If Ma did it, 'twould kill her all
dead.

BABY BUNTING:

And he said a big swear word!

WILLIE WINKIE:

Yes, he did, Ma. He said—

MOTHER GOOSE:

That will do. That will do, Willie Wink.
I don't care to hear naughty swear words.

MISS MUFFETT:

His Ma better wash his old mouth out, I think.

MOON MAN:

Such impudent children I never did see!
If I was their Daddy—

JILL:

You see,
Mr. Moon Man, you're not our dear Daddy at all,
And what's more, you never will be.

MOON MAN:

I am not your Daddy, and never will be?
Now don't be too sure, little Miss,
For that's the position I'm trying to get.
I came down from the Moon, just for this.
You'll have to stand round when I am, you must know.
If one of you happens to bawl,
Or quarrels, or bothers—the Moon's pretty high,
And I'll just drop you'down, that is all.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Indeed then, you won't, sir; you're nothing to them,
And what's more, you never will be.
I think it is time you returned to the Moon.
The gate's over there, as you see.

MOON MAN:

But I came to propose. Let me do it in style,
And I'm sure you'll accept. (Goes down on knees.)
Mrs. G.,
I offer my fortune, my heart and my hand,
And my beautiful self, unto thee,
Wilt thou be my true spouse, dear—

MOTHER GOOSE:

No dearing for me.
No, I'll not be your spouse, if you please.
Get up from your knees, now. Go home to the Moon,
And stay with your pipe and your cheese.

MOON MAN:

But, my dear (Luna rushes in).

LUNA (beating him with her broom):

Oh! My *dear*, is it? Get up from there,
Or I'll teach you to call women "dear".
You thought you'd escape, but I followed, you see.
Now, what are you doing down here?

MOON MAN:

I'm only—

LUNA:

You're only! It looks pretty queer.

Now what were you doing, sir? Say! (seizes him by collar, and shakes him).

What were you doing down there on your knees?

JACK:

Proposing to Ma.

LUNA:

What? I say (boxing his ears).

What did you mean by it? What did you mean?

An old married man, too, like you!

Proposing to her when you're married to me!

Wasn't that a bright thing, now, to do?

MOON MAN:

Well, I'm tired of cleaning the lamps every day,

So I set out to find me a wife

Who'd be willing to clean 'em, and chop the wood, too.

Then I'd live an easier life.

LUNA:

An easier life! You're so lazy, sir, now,

You just smoke and eat all the day!

As for cleaning the lamps, why, the Moon is all dark!

When did you last clean them, I pray?

(To Mother Goose.)

You know how it is, Marm, with these lazy men.

Why, each evening should be bright moonlight;

But he just lets the lamps grow more dirty each day,

Until it's quite dark in the night.

Then I get after him, with my faithful old broom,

And he cleans them, but does it so slow,

That it takes him two weeks, Marm, to finish the job!

And then he again let's them go.

(To her husband.)

If she'd taken you, what were you going to do

With me? That's what I want to know.

MOON MAN:

Why, there's a divorce court.

LUNA:

There is, Mr. Man!

So that's where you thought you would go?

Now you march yourself home! I'm ashamed of you,
sir,

A married man seeking a wife,

Before he got rid of the first one he had!

You'll rue it, the rest of your life!
Get home with you, now!

MOTHER GOOSE:

I assure you, my dear,
I'd no thought of accepting the man.

LUNA:

I understand that, Marm. No one would want him,
But I'll teach him a lesson! I can.
(Beating him with broom.)

Get home with you! Home with you! Home with you,
quick!

You'll trot up the steep rainbow stair;
And when you're safe home, I will find a stout rope
And tether you, calf-like, right there.

(They pass off, through gate, she driving him before
her.)

MOTHER GOOSE:

Now what in the world ever sent that chap here?
He's henpecked, but serves him just right.
She'll set him to cleaning his lamps, I suppose.
So soon we may look for a light.

JACK:

What a Daddy he'd make!

BOY BLUE:

Here comes somebody, Ma.

MOTHER GOOSE (looking toward gate).

I should say so, indeed. (The King of the Cannibal
Islands walks into garden.)

Who are you?

KING:

The King of the Cannibal Islands am I,
Come to pay my respects, Marm, to you.
I'm in need of a wife, since my own now is dead.

MOTHER GOOSE:

And what did she die of, sir, pray?
And where is she buried?

KING:

In deference to you,
I think I had better not say.
She was quite old and tough.

MOTHER GOOSE:

I'm no gosling, myself.

KING:

But your children are tender and young,

And so many! I'm sure you're the right wife for me.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Indeed sir, the words on your tongue,

Are quite smooth and sweet, but your character, sir,
Is known very well unto me.

You'd eat up my children, and then, like as not,
You'd finish by eating up me.

I don't wish to wed. If I did, I should take
No man with such ways as have you.

KING:

But you would be queen, only think of that, now.

With maidens to wait upon you.

With jewels and money, and everything nice.

And oh, such fine banquets to eat!

MOTHER GOOSE:

That, I'm sure, doesn't tempt me, I don't think I'd like
The food that you'd think quite a treat.

KING:

Now, a fat little gosling, like that one, I'm sure (points
to Baby Bunting),

You would find very nice, if you'd try.

You'd better accept me. It's not every day

You can get a King, Madam.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Not I.

But I really don't care to be a queen, so good sir.

Please take yourself out through the gate.

My children are frightened as frightened can be.

Please go. It is getting quite late.

KING:

Very well, I'll be going; but when I am gone,

You'll be wishing me back, all in vain.

If I leave your home now, I shall never come back

To ask your hand, Madam, again.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Good-bye, sir. (He goes out.)

KING:

Good-bye. (Walks away.)

MISS MUFFETT:

He'd have eaten us all.

BABY BUNTING:

Is the drefful ole man goned away?

MOTHER GOOSE:

Yes, Baby, he's gone (musingly). 'Twas a circumstance
odd

That I had two proposals to-day. (Children glance at each other, as they creep from various hiding places.)

JACK HORNER:

Queer Daddies, they'd both be. I say, Baby mine,
Which one would you rather she'd choose?

BABY BUNTING:

Neever, no neever! They're both drefful mans!

WILLIE WINKIE:

Ma wouldn't choose Daddies like those.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Nor like any others. You see, Willie, boy,
You don't need a Dady at all.

WILLIE WINKIE:

Oh, yes I do, Ma.

JILL:

Here's another queer man.

BO PEEP:

I should say so. My, isn't he tall?
(Giant comes to gate, but pauses outside.)

GIANT:

Is this the home, Madam, of fair Mother Goose,
Who wants a new husband? You see,
I'm in want of a wife, so I thought I would call,
And see if she wouldn't take me.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Why, I'm old Mother Goose, and a widow, good sir,
But I don't need a husband, at all.
You've been misinformed. What ails men folks to-day?
Who next will be making a call?

GIANT:

Why, I thought—

MOTHER GOOSE:

You thought wrong, sir; but, pray, who are you?

GIANT:

I'm a giant.

JILL:

That's quite evident.

GIANT:

And I called—well, I called—ahem! Mrs. Goose,
I called upon marriage intent.

MOTHER GOOSE:

But I've no wish to wed, and beside, my good man,

I think that you're rather too tall.
And there's my wee cottage. Just look at the door.
You could never get in there at all.

JACK:

He could crawl through the door, Ma. He's not very fat.

MISS MUFFETT:

And lie down when he got there, I 'spose.

BO PEEP:

'Twould take a long couch to accommodate him.

JACK HORNER:

Were there ever such long legs as those?

MOTHER GOOSE:

Yes, and I might wait on him! I don't think I will.

WILLIE WINKIE:

Say, Mister, what made you so tall?

GIANT:

Why, I grew so, my boy.

WILLIE WINKIE:

Did you, really? Oh, my! I never could do it at all.

SIMPLE SIMON:

Did you have any Ma?

GIANT:

Why, of course, little man.

BO PEEP:

Well, what made her let you grow so?

SIMPLE SIMON:

If she'd put a hot puddin' a-top o' your head,
You'd never a done it, you know.

GIANT:

I don't want to get into your house, Mrs. Goose.
I travel around with a show.
If together we went, it would be quite a sight.
Don't all of you children think so?

JACK:

What? Go with the circus?

BOY BLUE:

How jolly 'twould be.

WILLIE WINKIE:

Oh, Ma, do please say that you will.

MOTHER GOOSE:

No, certainly not. With the circus, indeed!
For mercy sake, children, be still!

GIANT:

Do you mean to refuse me, dear Madam?

MOTHER GOOSE:

I do. I don't want a husband, at all.
If I did, I should certainly never take you.
Or anyone nearly so tall.
And you're stiff in the knees, too.

GIANT:

Not very, I'm sure.
And your hair, Ma'am is turning quite gray.
You are no spring chicken, yourself. Now once more,
Will you have me?

MOTHER GOOSE:

I won't.

GIANT:

Then good day. (Goes off in a huff. Turns to say:)
Here's somebody coming that's quite short enough
To please you, good woman, I know.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Whatever does ail all the men folks to-day?
I don't see what makes them act so!

(Dwarf appears at gate.)

Now just look a-there! All the freaks in the world
Are let loose to-day, I believe!
I should think that a wicked old fairy was round
Playing tricks, like they do Hallow Eve.

DWARF:

Do Mother Goose live here?

JILL:

Yes, sir, she do.

SIMPLE SIMON:

Now what be you wanting o' her?

BABY BUNTING:

You shan't be my Daddy.

WILLIE WINKLE:

No, sir, I guess not.

SIMPLE SIMON:

Go way, now. Go ever so fur.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Hush, children, that's not what he's after, at all.

DWARF:

Oh, yes it is, Madam. You see,
Since you want a new husband, I've come to explain
You'll not find a bargain like me.

MOTHER GOOSE:

I don't want a husband.

DWARF:

Why, yes, Ma'am, you do.
I've heard you're the finest of cooks,
And my appetite's good, so I hunted you up.
I know I'm no wonder for looks,
But neither are you, so we match very well.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Oh, we do! You're a giant for cheek;
But just trot along, sir. You've farther to go
Ere you find you the wife that you seek.

DWARF:

But you want a new husband—

MOTHER GOOSE:

I tell you I don't. Move along, sir, I'm busy to-day.

DWARF:

But I came to propose—

MOTHER GOOSE:

And you've done it; and I
Have said no, so just trundle away.

DWARF:

But, Madam—

MOTHER GOOSE:

Good-bye, sir. Now, little Boy Blue,
Run quickly along through the lane
And ask Mother Hubbard to lend me her dog.
I need his protection, 'tis plain. (Boy Blue goes out.)

DWARF:

I'll not wait for the dog, Ma'am. You've made a mistake
In spurning my offer to-day.
I have gold in abundance.

MOTHER GOOSE:

For that I don't care.

DWARF:

There are plenty who do, so good day (goes off, stamping).

Bo PEEP:

Was it old Rumpelstiltskin?

MOTHER GOOSE:

I'm sure I don't know.
But when that dog gets here, I'll see
If I'm to be bothered with any more men
Who come here a-courting of me.

MISS MUFFETT:

Don't you like it, Ma, really?

MOTHER GOOSE:

Indeed, then, I don't.

JACK:

I think it's great fun.

JILL:

So do I.

WILLIE WINKLE:

I'd like a new Daddy.

JACK HORNER:

Not any of those.

SIMPLE SIMON:

Well, here comes another, says I.

(Puss in Boots enters, and takes off cap with a flourish,
and a low bow.)

MOTHER GOOSE:

A cat, I declare!

PUSS:

Behold Puss in Boots,
Of family and wealth and renown.
I have come, Mrs. Goose, a proposal to make
To the most charming dame in the town.
I've a castle enchanted, with forests and plains,
And acres and acres of land,
And servants and jewels. I offer them all
To you, with my heart and my hand.

MOTHER GOOSE:

But I can't wed a cat, sir!

PUSS:

I'm no common cat.
I'm a feline of fine pedigree.
I'm in search of a wife. Since a husband you wish,
You'll not find one better than me.

JILL:

Ho! A cat for a Daddy!

JACK:

Yes, just think of that!

BABY BUNTING:

We couldn't eat mouses at all.

PUSS:

Of course not, my Babe, but you could eat ice cream,
And chicken, and custards and all.
Please name the day, sweetheart, when you will be mine.

MOTHER GOOSE:

The day after never.

PUSS:

Well, well!
Do you know what you're saying? What's that? Oh,
a dog!

(Boy Blue and dog enter.)

I have no use for him, so farewell.

(He runs quickly away. Mother Goose calls the dog and pets it.)

MOTHER GOOSE:

Good little Fido. Just stay here with me
And drive all my suitors away.

Why, what's that I hear?

JACK AND JILL (clapping hands).

It is, oh it is! It's the bells on old Santa Claus' sleigh!

MOTHER GOOSE:

Well, he won't come a-courting. The jolly old man
Is too sensible, Fido, for that;
So you needn't bite him; but it did do me good
To see how you frightened that cat.

SANTA (appearing at gate).

Well, well, Mother Goose, how is every one here?
May I come in and chat for a while?
My reindeer will stand, for I hitched them all fast
To a tree over there by the stile.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Take a seat, Santa, do.

SANTA (seating himself).

Sure I will; but there's room
For another, I think, beside me.
Sit down while we chat (she sits besides him). There,
if that's not a fit!

Just the thing for two lovers, you see.

MOTHER GOOSE:

But we're not lovers, Santa. The very idea!

SANTA:

I am, as indeed you should know;
Though but for your "ad" I should never, I'm sure,
Have dared come to you and say so.

MOTHER GOOSE:

My "ad"? Now whatever the dear man can mean,
I don't understand it at all.
What was the "ad," Santa? Now could it be that
That has caused all those suitors to call?

SANTA:

Your "ad" for a husband. I'd like just that job.

BABY BUNTING:

Oh, what a nice Daddy he'd make!

JILL:

Oh, snap him up, quick, Ma!

BO PEEP:

Yes, don't let him go!

MOTHER GOOSE:

I'm afraid you have made a mistake.

SANTA:

But you'll have me? Ah, do, now. I'll ask in good style (kneel).

MOTHER GOOSE:

Do get up. Why, the very idea!

SANTA:

I'll never get up till my answer I get.
Come, whisper it into my ear.

JACK HORNER:

Say yes, Ma, say yes. We'd like him for a Dad.

SIMPLE SIMON:

You just bet your buttons we would.

SANTA:

And I'd like you for children. I'd be proud to be
Daddy to a flock that's so good.

MOTHER GOOSE:

I don't know about good. Now, which one wrote that
"ad"?

A good whipping to that child is due.

SIMPLE SIMON:

'Twas Jill wrote it, Ma.

JACK:

Well, Si, what if she did?

She isn't a tell-tale like you.

SANTA (rubbing knees).

Oh, my knees ache.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Get up, then.

SANTA:

Not till you say yes.

ALL:

Oh, do, Mamma! Do, Ma! Oh, do!

SANTA:

I'll be a good husband. I'm lonely and sad,
I need a companion like you.

MOTHER GOOSE (whispers in his ear).

Get up, then. (Santa draws her down and kisses her,
loudly.)

SANTA:

Oh, kiddies, she said yes! She did!

Come give your new Daddy a kiss.

You first, little Jill. 'Twas you brought it about.

NOV 22 1913

You shall have a new dolly for this.

BABY BUNTING:

I wants a new dolly.

BOY BLUE:

I'd like a big drum.

SIMPLE SIMON:

And I'd like a whacking big pie.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Hush, children, be still. I'm ashamed of you all!

SANTA:

Something nice for each one now, says I.

Name the happy day, dearest, when we shall be wed.

MISS MUFFETT:

Oh, name one real soon, Mamma, do!

SANTA:

That's just what I want, little maid. By the way,

I've some candy and peanuts for you.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Next month?

SANTA:

That's too long.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Well, next week, then.

SANTA:

Too long.

MOTHER GOOSE:

To-morrow?

SANTA:

To-day let it be. (To Jack and Jill:)

Say, twinnies, run over and ask Parson Day

To come do a favor for me.

(They run out.)

MOTHER GOOSE (calls).

And just take down that "ad."

SANTA:

I did that, my dear.

Now, babies, come out to my sleigh,

And I'll give you a treat that will quite worthy be

Of Santa Claus' own wedding day.

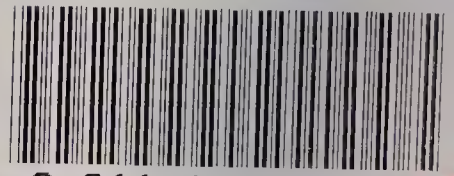
(They run through gate. Santa puts his arm around
Mother Goose, and leads her after them.)

CURTAIN.

(If desired, this may be followed by a tableau, showing
the wedding.)

ELIZABETH F. GUPTILL.

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